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Customarily this class of goods is purchased by merchant tailors in small pieces to make up in fine suits at \$40 or \$50. We have the same identical goods that you will see in every tailor shop in the city. Genuine imported Cheviots, guaranteed. We desire to give the consumers of

## READY-MADE CLOTHING

Something outside of the ordinary, and made up these substantial and stylish goods into elegant SACK and THREE and FOUR-BUTTON CUT-AWAY FROCK SUITS, in light, medium and dark colors, and will sell them at nearly

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Asked by the tailors. They are our own make, and genuine imported goods. Come and see them.

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Russ, Swain & Co.  
6 & 8 West Washington St.

Free Ticket to the Barnum Show given with every Man's or Boys' Suit or Overcoat until and including Tuesday.

big to stand on your own shadow; where twice as much space is required as in other parts of the world, for you must know enough to come in both out of the rain and out of the sun.

What business has a consul, anyhow? you may ask. He sees that the right prices are affixed by the merchants to the \$8,000,000 worth of goods they export annually to America. He pays off the sailors and begs them all in vain to keep out of the mouth of the land sharks. He makes reports on every thing under the sun, from the spread of the plague to the contraction of the wheat crop. He writes to anxious dentists telling them not to come, for all the Rajah's teeth have been extracted, and all the gold mohans they are willing to give for this kind of work too. He dispatches soothing letters to a thousand and one fellows who are expecting something good to turn up, who have heard that the Nabob John Smith died a century ago, and are certain a vast estate must be lying out in far India waiting for the right Smith to take in. He keeps his temper when a man writes asking whether a passport, which he can get at Washington, will serve as a free ticket by rail and steamer in a journey around the world, and whether, if he comes to Calcutta, he can be guaranteed free back to a free hotel, and polite attentions. He tries to persuade men to substitute articles of American manufacture for the clumsy implements made elsewhere. Whenever he is foolish enough to think of himself, he is reminded of his old army experience with the yellow jaundice, for his complexion is rapidly assuming that rich handsome color half way between a ripe cucumber and a pumpkin pie. Every consul who has come to India is said to have been afflicted with enlargement of the liver, but there is no report that any of them have suffered from enlargement of the heart. The fact that they have to live alongside of officials whose salaries are from five to fifty times as large as theirs, accounts for their becoming both bilious and stingy.

A hundred years ago Sir Philip Francis wrote from Calcutta: "May I be damned if I ever venture into such a hell as this again." Macaulay wrote, fifty years later: "A lodging up three pairs of legs in London is better than a palace here. We are baked four months, boiled four more and allowed four to become cool, if we can. Insects and undertakers are the only living creatures who seem to enjoy the climate." In trying to comfort a European consul who was in a bad humor at being stationed in Calcutta, after having been sent to all the other hot places of the earth, jumping out of the frying pan into the fire, as he put it, I claimed that he must admit there were four months of paradise. "Yes," he exclaimed, "but I am damned if I ever venture into such a hell as this again." Now, with all due respect to the reputed author of the Junius letters, and the brilliant historian of England, and the intelligent consul for the Netherlands, I cannot keep from thinking that discontent could dig a black hole in heaven. Most of us inquired, a quarter of a century ago, when we did enough growing to last a life time, that the best way to do when things were not what we kept cool. So do not think of me as being roasted and stewed, but as very happy in this wonderful Oriental life, which is having as much fun to the square minute as any man that ever belonged to the Seventeenth.

What Ex-Senator Ingalls Thinks.  
Washington Post.  
Mr. Ingalls said that if Mr. Harrison desired a renomination, he would get it. "You know," said he, "that about this time during Cleveland's administration there was more or less hostility shown by the leaders of the Democratic party to the renomination of Cleveland, but when the convention met some of the very men who had been criticizing the President were climbing over one another to be the first to ask that he be renominated by acclamation. Of course Harrison will be renominated; not to do so would be an admission that his administration and the Republican policy had been a failure. The apostrophe on the administration came from men who are piqued at failure to secure office, and, of course, the people of the country are not concerned about the disappointment of the office-seekers."

Slight Misunderstanding.  
Birmingham Republican.  
Lady Passenger (inspecting book)—Have you "Figs and Fillets"?  
Train Boy (anxious to trade)—I've got some candied figs, mum, an maybe I kin back you some thistles next time the train stop.

### STORIES ABOUT PREACHERS

How the Venerable Rev. Joseph Tarkington Embarrassed an Old Bachelor.

The Spirit That Led the Farmer—Work That Was Lost—A Famous Minister at a Discount—Rev. Eli Farmer.

The venerable Rev. Joseph Tarkington, of Greensburg, formerly of this city and well known all over Indiana, now in his ninety-second year, was in the early part of his life a very effective preacher, but class-leading was his forte. He never preached that he did not supplement his sermon with a class-meeting. In 1833, at his first appointment, he preached at a private house near where Mt. Carmel now is. Then followed the inevitable class-meeting. In the course of the meeting he called upon a middle-aged man named Ira Goodhue for his experience, which was not quite satisfactory to the preacher. "Well, brother," said the preacher, "do you have prayers in your family regularly?" A titter ran around the room, most noticeable among the sisters, several of whom were unmarried and of respectable age. To explain matters the leader spoke out: "That brother is not married." "So much the worse for that," replied the preacher. "He is old enough and good looking enough to make some woman happy and be all the happier himself." But the well-meant advice was unheeded. He lived long and died rich, but he never married, being deterred by the probable expense of such a step.

In 1843 he was leading a class in Boston, Wayne county. It was before total abstinence prevailed in the Methodist Church, and among the brethren was a well-to-do farmer, who, at times, would have been much better off if he had taken the pledge, though he was never known to be drunk according to the standard, which requires a man to be flat on his back feeling up for the ground; hence he was borne with in the church from year to year. Mr. Tarkington had little patience with such Methodists and never lost an opportunity to reproach them. When it came this brother's turn to speak he arose and began, with much assurance, prepared to make a good speech: "Brother, during my life I have been led by two spirits, the one was the spirit of God, and the other—'Was whiskey.' I interposed the preacher, spoiling the brother's narration of experience. "No," was never drunk in my life, and defy you or any other man to say I was," replied the brother with such warmth that the "rousers" for a while threatened to be different from the regulation "rousers" of an old-fashioned Methodist class-meeting.

Fifty to sixty years ago the character in the Indiana Methodist Conference was Rev. Eli P. Farmer, a man of unusual physical power, but uneducated and adapted only to frontier work. Of this there was an abundance in Indiana at that time. At the conference held at New Albany in 1837 he was sent to Brown mission, which embraced the Salt-creek hills in Brown county. There were not many people living in that region, except along some of the creeks, and these were few and widely scattered. By some oversight in defining county boundaries about that time, much of this hill country had been left out of any organized county, hence the region was generally known as the State of Brown. The habits of the people were decidedly primitive, and every man was a law to himself. Stock ran out and generally took care of itself, and out of this grew a great many little neighborhood disturbances, especially in relation to hogs. The custom was to make certain "fences," and "ropes," and "bits" in one or both ears, and then let the shoats "root poor pig or die." Frequently they were seen no more until winter, when they were hunted, gun in hand and shot down at long range. If, on closer inspection, the "ropes" and "fences," and "bits" in the ears did not correspond with those chosen by the pretended owner, he cut the ears off before skinning him, and then assumed that the more rightful owner had probably shot his hogs or was liable to, he proceeded to skin and appropriate the prostrate animal. To prevent this summary way of settling questions of ownership the Legislature enacted that no man should purchase a hog whose ears were cut off by the select. Under this rule some settlers managed to get more pork than the law allowed, and Brown, at least no courts, the only recourse was to the church, where the successful hunter was a member, as he was most likely to be. These hog cases coming before Mr. Farmer he made short work of them by expelling those who were presumptuously guilty. He had on his circuit among those hills more than twenty preaching places, yet at the ensuing conference at Rockville he reported only ninety-seven members. "What," asked Rev. Calvin W. Ruter, "can you not get the people in the State of Brown to join the church?" Aye, yes," replied Mr. Farmer, "I can, but the next time I ask them to, but the next time I come around I have to turn them out for stealing hogs."

Rev. Joseph F. Berry, D. D., the gifted editor of the *Edwards Herald*, at Chicago, is a good preacher as well, and is often drafted by his Methodist brethren for special work. A few weeks ago he was invited to take a part in the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of a new church, and the part assigned him was the reading of the prayer. Now, the good Doctor happened never to have noticed that in the church ritual provided for such an occasion there is an appropriate prayer already formulated. As he is not accustomed to reading prayer, it was with much solicitude and labor he finally got an address to the Lord written in his liking, and at the proper time he repaired to the corner-stone laying, manuscript in hand, ready for the task assigned him. There the master of ceremonies put a discipline in his hand with the prayer marked which he wished to have read, and now his well-worded prayer is dead stock on his hands. He cannot even utilize it as an editorial for his *Herald*.

But even good preachers are sometimes at a discount. A few weeks ago a Detroit preacher was invited to preach a trial sermon in one of the Chicago Methodist pulpits. He preached in the morning quite satisfactorily, but for a reason not necessary to mention Dr. Berry preached in the same pulpit at night. One official brother, on whose good opinion much depended, did not hear the morning sermon, but was present in the evening and heard Dr. Berry, supposing all the while that he was listening to the Detroit candidate. When it came his turn to speak out in meeting he said: "He is good looking enough, but he can't fill the bill. He is a very common sort of a preacher. We have home talent in abundance that can beat him."

Warning to Reciters of Poems.  
New York Advertiser.  
Electioneers should make a note of the news from Berlin. A gentleman there named Hans von Gumpenberg has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for reciting a poem. The political sentiments of the poem may have had something to do with it, but at the same time it seems to point in the direction of a much-needed reform. Many a poem has been recited, the reciting of which should have been punished by a term in jail, leaving politics entirely out of the question. Let the reform spread not to every case, but the punishment shall fit the elocutionary crime.

Where the Trouble Is.  
Athletic Globe.  
The men are apt to think a woman should be content after she marries with receiving the admiration of her husband alone. Well, she would be the trouble is, that is the admiration she so seldom gets.

### QUEER IDEAS AND ODD BITS

Singular Notions People Entertain of the Limited Powers of the Governor.

Regarded as a Dictator—Differed with the Chaplain—A Whistling Toi—Tragedy in a Dentist's Office—Bread Eating.

"Some persons have singular notions as to the duties of the Governor of Indiana," remarked Governor Hovey to the *Journal* reporter the other evening when a telegram came to him from the sheriff of Benton county, requesting him to send militia to Fowler to protect a murderer from a threatened lynching. "A Governor," said he, "has no power to call out militia on mere threats of a breach of the law. He cannot do so until open violence overrides all local authority. The sheriff of the county is really the colonel or commander of the county. That was the original idea of the power of a sheriff under old English law, and it holds good to this day. He can call upon every able-bodied man in the county for assistance, and should not call upon the Governor until absolutely driven to the wall."

"Here's another telegram," continued the Governor. "It is from a woman who says her father is dead and asks that her brother, who is in State's prison, be allowed to come out and attend the funeral. She does not say where her father is or the crime of which her brother was convicted. Of course I will do nothing in such a case. Some years ago Blue Jeans paroled a man to come out of prison upon representations that the prisoner was dying of consumption. He would, he made tracks for one of the Western Territories and is there now. I have been appointed time and again to pardon this fellow, but I shall not do it. A man who has broken his parole under such circumstances need never hope for a pardon more."

"He had better stay where he is," concluded the Governor with a significant shake of the head, an intimation that if he ever gets within the jurisdiction of the State that he will be clapped into prison to serve out his time.

The other day the passengers on a North Alabama-street car were surprised to hear within the car a long, low whistle, sweet as the carol of a bird. But they were even more surprised when they discovered the whistler—a round-faced, curly-headed cherub, all in white, who, with least bit of encouragement, repeated the performance over and over again, to the amusement and delight of the passengers. The performer was a fifteen-months-old boy-baby named Leo Kantowitz, and the girl who was taking him down to see his papa gave the information that he had been whistling for two months, having taken it up wholly of himself. The baby has a good idea of time and time, and is probably the youngest musical performer in the State. It is not unlikely that his aptness for music is an inheritance, for Professor Kantowitz, the music composer, who recently visited this city, is his grandfather.

Cornelius Mayer, local editor of the *German Telegraph*, took a trip through a part of the natural-gas town of Indiana and saw a number of things that surprised him. In one part of Hamilton county he found a number of farmers engaged in carpentering. A natural-gas well, which furnished light and fuel to all of them, also furnished power to pump water from wells to keep their carpenter shops filled and running over. But these ingenious husbandmen go one step further. Each pond is lighted by a flame-jet set out some distance from the shore. The light

attracts all the flying bugs of the night which, as they strike their wings, drop in the water and are food for the fish. The only attention these pisciculturists pay to the pond is to pull out a fish now and then when they have company.

Burton E. Parrott, the baker, was asked if the consumption of bread was not about the same all the year round, with perhaps a slight increase in winter. "By no means," was his reply; "and a season like this greatly diminishes the demand for bread. The abundance and cheapness of fruit has affected the trade, and now potatoes are coming down in price so that they will be used in immense quantities. Cheap potatoes have a greater influence on the bread market than most persons would suppose. Fruits cut off bread sales to some extent, but they knock us out completely on sweet goods. There's very little demand for cakes when fruit is as abundant as it has been this year."

The other day within a short distance of the postoffice a succession of shrill feminine screams was heard, and in a minute half a hundred persons had gathered upon the sidewalk and were gazing with terror-stricken faces at an upper window. There were muttered remarks about the absence of the police and two or three brave men had about made up their minds to climb the stairs and investigate the tragedy, when an elderly citizen, who chanced to come along gave the information that the chamber of horrors was a dentist's office. The crowd scattered with the celerity of a party of coniz players. It is supposed the dentist got the tooth.

The other day services were held in the chapel of the Central Hospital for the Insane, which, as usual, were attended by a large number of the patients. The chaplain, in the course of the service, prayed with great fervency that "our numbers may be greatly increased," meaning of course, those who loved the Lord. At this a patient, evidently under the impression that a local application was intended, rose and objected. "Why," said he, "we've not room enough for those who are here now—"

at which there was a laugh in which even the good chaplain joined.

"Well, Colonel—"

"Don't call me Colonel," hastily exclaimed Augustus Kiefer to the visitor.

"Why not?"

"Because I paid \$1.30 during the war to escape being a colonel and I don't want the title now. Yes, sir, I chipped in that amount to keep away the draft. Mr. Frank M. Churchman did the same thing and after the money was paid in it was found that Marion county had more than furnished her quota, but the money was not refunded."

Mr. Kiefer then relaxed the severity of his features and pleasantly remarked that he had no objection to the title of judge, professor or doctor, but that he, under the circumstances, eschewed military titles in times of peace.

Women as Bootblacks.  
Philadelphia Press.  
"Should women black boots?" is a leading topic of discussion in the *Dandee News*. In this country there would be surprise at the mere suggestion of such work for women, but it appears, from our Scottish contemporary, that it is the general custom in Great Britain. One correspondent, writing from Manchester to the *News*, says that "in nineteen cases out of twenty the English women black their husbands' boots." If that is true, so much the worse for the English husband. In this country the women have too much spirit to stoop to any such degrading occupation. In Paris and in some other continental cities, women "bootblacks" on the streets are common; but we do not believe the time will ever come when such a sight will be common in any American city.

Dolly Had Experience.  
New York Times.  
This One—Do you know, Miss Honeydew—er—Dolly—you are the first girl I have ever kissed!

Dolly (seductively)—Oh, that's just what they all say.

## THE STATE FAIR

The keen interest in the Indiana STATE FAIR this year is a matter of general comment. The fine crops insure a magnificent display in the grain and vegetable departments, while the brisk trade in agricultural implements, harvesting and other machinery has stimulated manufacturers. In fact, all things point to an event of unusual importance. Having a duty to perform in accommodating visitors who come with a desire to do some trading, the American Watch Club Co. will take care of those who want anything in the way of Watches, Diamonds or Silverware, and endeavor to give each purchaser a bargain that will repay the cost of their trip to the city. As a guarantee of the high grade of our watches it would be well to remember that the trains to the STATE FAIR on leading railways will be run by watches furnished by the American Watch Club Co. This, of course, requires time-pieces that give reliable service under all circumstances. And another fact may be mentioned. If the people who are carrying American Watch Club watches were in line, the procession would reach from the Union Station to the STATE FAIR grounds. The price, quality and extraordinary favorable terms of \$1 per week has turned the tide of trade our way. Our new stock of fine Horse-timers will be found of special interest in style, quality and price. The same favorable mention of our Watches will apply to Diamonds and Silverware. The stock of Silverware is new, having been laid in only a few weeks ago. And it is also the very best made. The figures on genuine Rogers Bros. 1847 knives, forks, spoons, etc., are far below what you have usually been asked. We have a lead in these goods, and you may have the benefit.

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FANS For Party and Opera, in Ostrich Feather and Gauze, handsomely decorated with Ivory, Shell, Pearl, Bone and Fancy Wood sticks.  
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